

Being a Father

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Summary: Stoik has always tried to be the best father he could be, but life had a way of throwing little curve balls at him from time to time. HiJack/FrostCup Oneshot

Being a Father

\*\*Disclaimer: Yeah, I own nothing. Not making any money on this or anything like that.\*\*

\*\*Warnings: Well, there will be gay boys. Nothing explicit at all, but... Yeah...\*\*

\*\*AN: So, I really just wanted to do a little one shot from the point of view of Stoik. I've always loved him as a character and I see so many stories that turn him into a convenient bad guy. But come on! He may be awkward about it, but he is a wonderful father! I just wanted to write something to that effect. This may not be the best story, but I like it, and I hope some of you do as well.\*\*

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><p>Life liked to throw me curve balls it seems. I'd always thought I handled them pretty well. When my son was born, premature, frail, and sickly, I held him gently in my massive hands and promised myself that I would raise him to be the best he possibly could be. When my beloved wife, Val, was taken from me in that terrible accident, leaving me with a distraught four year old, I held back my tears and resolved to be the pillar of strength my son would need. I nearly faltered in that strength when my boy was attacked by a bear at the age of twelve and lost his leg. The dog that had saved his life that day will forever have my gratitude and that would likely be the only reason I allowed the beast to stay in my home.<p>

I've always tried to be the best father I could be, but despite this

my relationship with my son, Hiccup, has always felt strained. I would try to talk to him about the things that young boys are supposed to be interested in; sports, wrestling, his friends... I would try to ask him about school on occasion, but conversation was always short and somewhat stilted. He never brought any friends home and I wondered if he might be afraid to introduce them to me. It was possible, I cut a pretty intimidating figure after all at seven foot two and nearly as broad as I was tall. All muscle of course. I'd always been proud of my size, but maybe that wasn't so much the case for Hiccup. He'd always been so small. I always had to be so careful with him. Maybe being so large wasn't such a great thing as I'd always thought if it was getting in the way of bonding with my son, but I couldn't exactly shrink myself.

When he got to be fourteen I gave him the infamous 'talk'. If I thought things had been awkward before, it was nothing compared to that. I couldn't say who had been more red, me or him, but we got through it. It opened new doors for us as far as possible conversation. Girls. He was at the age where he was bound to start noticing them. I tried talking to him about the possibilities. The Hofferson girl had always seemed nice, or perhaps the little Dunbroch lady. These conversations were even more stilted than any other, however, and I could practically see him drifting away from me. The more desperately I tried, the further away he got.

I've always tried to be a good father, but it was obvious I wasn't doing a very good job of it. By the time he hit sixteen I had all but given up. We would avoid each other. The house was always quiet. All I could do was continue to provide for him; see that he was well taken care of at the very least.

It was quite a shock then, when I came home early from the office one day and he was in the living room seated on the couch with another boy about his age. He'd still never brought friends home before, or at least I'd never met them. It wouldn't have been unusual if he'd brought someone by while I was at work. Being the mayor often required me to put in long hours. This other boy was a bit taller than Hiccup by a good few inches and his hair was dyed curiously white. He gaped at me when I walked in with wide blue eyes, probably intimidated or shocked at my size, and his already pale skin seemed to go a shade paler. My son shot the boy a worried glance and reached for his hand. I gave their clasped hands an odd look, a strange discomfort settling in my stomach, before meeting my son's eyes, the same shade of forest green as my own.

"Hiccup, who's your friend?" I asked, trying to smile encouragingly at him. He stood from the couch, the other boy rising with him, hands still joined. The air seemed thick with tension, though I couldn't understand why. Was it really such a big deal for him to introduce one of his friends to me? I eyed their hands once again as my son began to fidget. He was breathing hard and was beginning to sweat. I was starting to get truly worried for him as I was sure he was going to have a panic attack. My brow creased with worry, I took a step towards him, opening my mouth to voice my concern, but the other boy beat me to it.

"Hic," his voice was deeper than expected, tone soft as he looked to Hiccup and squeezed his hand a little tighter. He waited until my son's green eyes were on him before he continued. "It'll be ok." And the smile he gave seemed to wash away all worries in the smaller boy.

Hiccup's breathing seemed to even out and his posture relaxed. A small smile even appeared on his own face. How long had it been since the last time I'd seen him smile? It was such a small thing, but it might as well have torn me right open. How long had it been since the last time I'd seen my son smile? What kind of father had to ask himself such a question?

His smile fell away as he looked back to me, apprehension and even a bit of fear clear in his gaze. I immediately missed the softer expression, my stomach twisting in knots at the thought that my own son could be afraid of me.

"What is is, son?" I asked, trying to make my voice as soft and encouraging as I could. I felt like I was trying to coax a baby deer out of hiding. I waited patiently as he took a deep, calming breath, the other boy giving his fingers another reassuring squeeze.

"Dad, th-this is Jack. He's... He's my..." There was a long pause, his eyes darting between me, the other boy... Jack, and occasionally the floor as though he wanted it to open up and swallow him. "He's my b-boyfriend." He finally finished, voice small, eyes fixed firmly on the floor.

My own eyes were firmly locked on him, wider than I think they've ever been. I was shocked, certainly, but perhaps I shouldn't have been. I had never even considered the possibility that he was... Like that. I had always just assumed he liked girls like any other boy his age. The more I thought about it, however, the more I realized that he had never been like other boys. He never liked talking about sports or wrestling. He froze up whenever I brought up the subject of girls. He'd always been so quiet and reserved. Maybe... Maybe I've been going about this all wrong. I'd always just assumed things. I'd never actually asked him about what he liked or what he wanted. I'd always just assumed... But he was telling me now, and the look on his face was breaking my heart. He was clenching his eyes shut and shrinking in on himself, shaking a bit and grasping Jack's hand so hard his fingers were going white. Jack was looking a bit worried too, his lips forming whispered words of attempted comfort that I couldn't hear.

I realized I must have been scaring them both with my silence as I had my little epiphany. A feeling of determination settled my twisting insides. It was about time I started doing this father thing right.

"Boyfriend, eh?" I shot the white haired boy an appraising glance. The way he held onto Hiccup's hand and the obvious worry on his features, as well as the fact that he was here at all, providing what support he could for my boy as he came out of the metaphorical closet to me, an obviously difficult thing for him, spoke volumes for how genuine his affections were. I only had to think back to the small smile he'd brought to my son's face minutes earlier to confirm that. He shifted his feet nervously under my gaze before I looked back to my son. His eyes were open again, looking at me with such a pitiful amount of hope beneath his nervousness.

"And does he make you happy?" I asked gruffly.

His eyes shot wide as he nodded jerkily. "Y-yeah... Yes! Yes he does.." Jack shot him a smile which he returned nervously.

He looked a bit confused, like he'd expected a completely different reaction, and I suppose, given his fear, he had. It hurt a bit that he might have been expecting something bad. I don't think I even wanted to consider what scenarios he'd been running through his head.

"Then I suppose we should set three places for dinner tonight!" I concluded, clapping my hands together as I turned to the kitchen to start said meal. I pause briefly in the doorway to look back at the stunned pair. "You will be staying for dinner, right?" I worded it as a question, but my tone made it more of a demand. If this boy was dating my son, I wanted to know more about him. I needed to know I could trust him with the most important person in my life. My son. My little Hiccup. The message seemed to get across to him as he quickly nodded, a smile that seemed to be both relieved and apprehensive on his face as he called a short "Yes, Sir!"

Before I turned back to the kitchen I caught the look on my son's face and nearly faltered in my steps. His eyes were bright with unshed tears, but the smile on his face was wide and vibrant.

"Thanks, Dad." He called softly, his slightly nasal voice a little thicker than usual. For a moment, I could almost swear I saw my wife, my beloved Val in that smile. It had been so long since I'd seen it. Emotion briefly swelled in my chest and I could feel my own eyes grow a little wet. There were so many things I could have said or done. So many things I wanted to say. There would be plenty of time later, however, so I merely smiled back, hoping to convey all of the love I had for my boy, and, as his smile seemed to grow even brighter if that were possible, I knew he'd finally gotten that message.

Clearing my throat roughly, I turned back to the kitchen. "I hope you boys are ok with fish stew!" I called. I heard the sounds of soft laughter and quiet but happy words filter out of the room I'd just left. A scratching at the back door alerted me to the fact that Toothless, my son's beast of a dog, wanted to be let in. I opened the door for him and he darted past me to the living room where there was an indignant shout before a louder bout of laughter filled the once quiet house. I smiled as I pulled a large fish out of the fridge, knowing that this time I'd hit life's little curve ball right out of the park.

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><p><strong>AN: Well. That's it then. Hope you liked it! I'd love to see a few reviews if you guys have time. Always looking to improve myself after all. ^\_<strong>

End  
file.